



MEMORIES

AND

OTHER POEMS

J. M. MEADOR



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Very truly yours,  
J. M. Macdonald,

MEMORIES  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

by  
J. M. MEADOR✓



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TO HER WHO WEEPS WITH ME IN MY SORROWS  
AND REJOICES IN MY TRIUMPHS, MY BE-  
LOVED WIFE, THESE HUMBLE LINES  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



## FOREWORD

If our Lines supplant a frown with a smile ;  
give courage to a faltering youth ; bear comfort  
to a distressed heart ; lighten the burdens of  
age, or afford even meagre food for thought,  
then our aim will have been accomplished and  
our effort amply rewarded.

— J. M. MEADOR.

Hinton, W. Va.,  
Nov. 20th, 1922.



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## Memories

THE DAY grown old,  
As deep'ning shadows steal across the hills  
I sit and woo the Past.

'Tis childhood's voice, — memory fond! —  
That bids me come  
And walk awhile in quiet glens  
Where bloom the flowers;  
The fragrant wildrose pluck,  
And honeysuckle, daisy fair, —  
Snow-clad and gold-crowned nymph! —  
See the brown rabbit from its cover start;  
Hear anthems of the birds in templed wood,  
And watch the droning bee  
Dip from the clover nectar sweet,  
And honey-laden hasten to its hive.

'Tis youth, — adventurous youth! —  
Invites to shim'ring pool  
Where lurk the trout;  
To cast the fly-snared hook,  
Withdraw and cast again,

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Till bountiful reward,  
Sun-browned,  
Barefoot and light of heart,  
With boyish glee,  
I bear me home  
From treasures of the stream.  
I sight paternal cot,  
And upward-curling smoke  
From chimney-top announces noonday meal;  
Aromas hunger-breeding  
From the kitchen hearth ascend;  
In hot and sput'ring grease  
Are dropped the trophies from the brook,  
And on my plate there soon is laid  
A gray-brown morsel fit for king!

And ended noon's repast,  
I'm bidden to the sterner field  
Where swaying corn  
Stands sentinel in green array;  
And with the wieldy hoe  
Give battle to besieging weeds.  
The sun seems burdened with his heat,  
And hours to linger in their sultry flight.  
Perspiring and fatigued,  
I seek inviting shade;  
And rimming western horizon

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

See peaks of cloud, that soon,  
Like snow-capped mountains, lift  
On high their hoary locks;  
Hear vibrant voice of thunder break  
Beneath their crests,  
And roll, like muffled drumbeats,  
Through the hills;  
See bowing to the rushing winds  
Some mighty oak  
Whose silv'ry upturned boughs  
Lend hissings to the storm;  
Seek shelter under friendly ledge,  
And watch the sodden clouds  
Pour wealth of rain  
On thirsty earth.

The storm abates.

And in the busy forge of Time,  
With unrelenting strokes  
The days are welded into years,  
Till, love — impetuous love! —  
Invites to shady lane,  
To quiet nook,  
And cottage nestled in the hills, —  
Dear vine-clad ruins of the past! —  
In accents soft and low

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Like cooing of the woodland dove  
Its message comes to me,—  
Too sacred for another's ears,—  
And treasured as a message from the gods  
In reverence is held!  
Nor words shall paint it for another's gaze!



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Did You?

**D**ID YOU ever start some race to run  
And find, perchance, 'twas a losing one?  
Did you do your best without complaint,  
Though the way were rough and your heart  
were faint?

If you did, my lad, count your loss a gain.  
It's a worthy ship that ploughs the main, —  
Though battered and torn, — when seas are  
rough.

If you do your best, you've done enough.

Did you ever let some habit take  
A strangle-hold you fain would break?  
Did you count the gain and count the loss  
Of allowing self-desire to boss?

Did you dare the spirit that makes men brave,  
Or wear the manacles of a slave? —  
Not till you've done the best you can  
Will you have proved yourself a man.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

You'll find when you have fathomed out  
The depth of Folly's last redoubt,  
It's like the rainbow's pot of gold, —  
An empty thing, — a tale twice told.

To think on that which might have been  
Will cleanse you not from stain of sin;  
Nor sunshine of departed years  
Will dry Regret's remorseful tears.

Be thou a man four-square to God;  
Pass thou beneath His chast'ning rod  
If needs must be. Blest is his lot  
Who bears his stripes and murmurs not.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Indiscretion

THE DOOR was standing half ajar,  
A cat came slyly creeping in  
To see if there was anything amiss;  
But it hastened quickly back  
O'er its lately trodden track,  
For the only thing it saw was merely this:  
One soft kiss.

A whippoorwill came eavesdropping  
And perched upon the window-sill  
To hear the courting couple's roundelay:  
If the truth I here must tell,  
Out it whistled, "Court-her-well!"  
Then it raised its speckled wings and flew  
away —  
'Twas in May. —

His chair had turned a space around;  
Her head lay pillowed on his breast,  
And silence brought its messenger of sleep.  
So they dreamed of love and fame, —  
Nor was either one to blame  
For the silliness that in their minds did creep  
While asleep.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

The morning broke across the hills;  
Her father went out through the room  
To light a fire ready for the cook;  
But no fire did he light  
Till said he, “You snoring wight!  
Never here again upon you let me look! —  
You’re a crook!”

Young people, hear this good advice:  
Don’t do as this fond couple did,  
By heeding flatteries of time and place;  
For if there is naught to blame,  
Indiscretion leads to shame; —  
And a something that we never care to face  
Is disgrace.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Turned Loose on the Street

**L**ITTLE boys and girls turned loose on the  
street  
Are apt, very apt, some others to meet  
Just a little bit wiser, a little bit older —  
Versed in town ways — and a little bit bolder.

Pretty soon friends drop in to tell mama and  
dad  
That their children are rude, very rude —  
almost bad. —  
Then the time-honored truth looms up in their  
face  
That children should always be kept in their  
place.

Conclusion :—Better an iron bit than iron bars.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### October

THE BRIGHT October days have come  
In fullness of the waning year;  
We mark the forest's many hues,  
And note that winter days are near.

How cool, how pleasant and how fair!  
How broad and round the moon's pale face  
That smiles above the wastes of night,  
In splendors of her autumn grace!

The stars beam forth with brighter rays;  
And meteors flaming through the air  
Seem messengers from world to world;  
Nor know we whence, nor know we where!

The harvest of the squir'l is now;  
Through branches of the chestnut, down  
We see him chase with nimble feet  
The dropping nut that's ripe and brown.

Or turning to the garnered shock,  
We see a little woodland wight,



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

The chat'ring chipmunk, striped and neat,  
Stuff full his jaws and take to flight.

How grand to scale to mountain top  
And hear Old Autumn clear his throat,  
And watch his merry children dance  
When he has set the tune afloat.

The birds mount higher in their flight,  
But carol not the same sweet lay  
That gladdened in the month of June  
And hallows memories of May.

'Tis season of the harvests grown,  
And points us to that autumn hour  
When we shall reap as we have sown —  
Of tare or grain, of thorn or flower!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Don't Fret and Stew

**I**F YOU find sometimes that the sky's not  
blue

As it's been before, don't fret and stew  
And stamp like a goat; but clamp the bit  
Like a four-year-old that's full of grit,  
And leap right over the bars of fate  
And canter away at a lively gait.

If you growl and fret and taint your mind  
With trouble, my lad, you'll trouble find;  
And a vinegar-look on a twelve-inch face  
Is not worth much in making a race;  
But a sunny smile and four sides square  
Will help quite much to get you there.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Review

A GOOD sister rose from her place in the  
pew,  
With tremulous voice, her life to review.  
“My oft imperfections have grieved me quite  
sore,  
My place is,” said she, “behind the church  
door.”

Said good Deacon Jones, with tears on his  
cheek,  
“Like dear Sister Smith, I feel very meek;  
Like her, I have failed, but more, much more!  
My place is with her, behind the church door.”

Conclusion:—It is not so much what we say as  
the manner in which we say it, that plants  
the smile or moulds the tear.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### I Question Not

WHAT boots it if,  
Within the pulsing womb of Time,  
A thousand thousand years  
Man passed from stage to stage;  
Or if,  
At God's command,  
With single bound,  
He leaped from Mother Earth  
A Man?

With Him who gave us life  
A thousand years is as a single day.  
His handiwork shows purpose and design.  
I question not His wisdom, mode nor plan;  
Nor hath the Record said  
He breathed in him the Breath of Life  
And Man became a Living Soul  
Before he was a Man!

Science hath not shown the Sun  
To change his course in all the years;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Nor whence Orion's bands.  
Polaris guided mariners of old,  
And points the north today.  
The Pleiades we view with raptured gaze  
The Shepherds saw and Poets sang  
On Old Judea's hills.

The fragrance of the Rose,  
The Violet's tint,  
I may not understand;  
Nor whence the Fountains of the Deep;  
The Lightning's flash,  
Nor tread of Storm.

But this I know :  
There is beyond it all  
A Moving Cause, superior to Chance,  
Whose ways are not our ways,  
And are past finding out;  
Who walks with mighty tread  
The vast Unknown;  
With music fills the spheres;  
Attends all Nature wide;  
Yet lays the simple hand of Faith  
Upon our hearts, that bids us wait.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Philosophy may trace the Planet's course;  
Unbosom secrets of the Plain and Hill,  
And mark Old Ocean's tidal flow;  
But Faith, and Faith alone,  
Can light the Shad'wy Vale  
And teach the Mystery Profound!



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### On Dissipation

SHOULD you know a man with decent wife,  
And children — two or three —  
Who forsakes them for some flippant wench,  
Or a common “boot-leg” spree;  
Don’t you think that in the years to come  
He will reap as he has sown;  
That his empty life and burdened soul  
Will echo still the groan  
Of those distressed by his wilful acts,  
When the harp of life was strung  
For the songs that make a happy home  
And he left them all unsung?

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Dear Old Priest

THERE'S a dear old Priest, only human, yet  
He was never known to a friend forget.  
He will share his meal with his neighbor; and  
To scatter cheer on ev'ry hand  
Seems part of his life. Go where he may  
His chief delight's to gladden the way.

Conclusion:—Acts often impress us more than  
sermons.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Sunday Stroll

A FRIEND and I took a Sunday stroll  
To the Double Goose-Neck Turn,\*  
And looked away to the azure hills.  
'Twas easy to discern  
That the smile of God was on the land  
That reared before our gaze;  
And the clouds that floated across the sun  
In their mystic, checkered ways,  
Like the heavens, declared the glory of Him.  
Our hearts were lighted with fire,  
Kindled by beauties there beheld;  
And we felt that upward, and higher,  
Is found that key that unlocks the soul  
To the better things that be,  
If we steal away from self awhile,  
Where the spirit may be free.

\* The Double Goose-Neck Turn is two rather short curves in the public highway immediately east of Hill Top Cemetery, near the city of Hinton, W. Va., so named in derision by a gentleman who opposed the construction of the highway.

A beautiful view of the New river, the mountains and surrounding country may be had from this point.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Woman

SIREN of sweet lullabies;  
Of the home the crowning sheaf;  
Very soul of man's ambition;—  
Moulder of his joy or grief!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### To a Political Adversary Writing Under the Assumed Name of "Cit."

ILLUSTRIOUS "Cit," in you I think I've  
found  
A noble plot of earth; a piece of ground  
Where angels walk sedately! — Devils smile  
To make believe they're saints, and without  
guile. —

Illustrious "Cit," like Adam did of old,  
Some of us fall; and some are in the fold  
Who Satan-like would war raise in heaven;  
Or Judas-like, deserting, leave eleven.

Illustrious "Cit," art thou a saint? No doubt  
That if thy garments were turned inside out  
The stench would bid the very vultures in  
Of Hades, but to feast upon thy sin.

Illustrious "Cit," perhaps I've said enough  
To call, if you're a gentleman, your bluff;  
Besides, there's little fear of him  
Who hides away behind a pseudonym.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Just So

**J**ONES married a Miss Spendthrift;  
But Smith had better sense,  
And married Miss Economy  
To keep down his expense.

Conclusion:—A woman that is in love with  
your pocket-book only, is likely to be in love  
with some other man's cravat.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Alone With My Thoughts

**A** LONE with my thoughts. What a vision  
of years  
Advances, recedes! Gilded hopes, somber fears,  
From the realms of the Past, in checkered  
array,  
Stalk forth arm in arm, as we see them today.

Reflection hangs gently in Memory's hall  
The pictures of loved ones around on the wall.  
And footsteps of those who in youth were most  
dear,  
And voices that cheered me, again do I hear.

And methinks that out yonder somewhere, at  
some time,  
I shall meet them again, where blossoms a clime  
Whose valleys are virtue; whose mountains are  
truth,  
And the round of whose years is perpetual  
youth.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Reflections on the Death of a Friend

**R**ELEASED from his shackles and gone;  
But whither I know not. Yet dawn  
Must follow the gloom of the night.  
By faith there breaketh a light  
From the dark of the voiceless tomb;  
And Hope rears his castle where Doom  
Has scattered the ashes of Death.  
Again will the fragrance of breath  
Come out of limitless space;  
Again will a smile light the face;  
And, out on Time's far leeward shore,  
Again we shall meet as of yore.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Song of the Hills

**Y**E WEST VIRGINIA HILLS! Structure  
of Him

Who builds not by the plumbline nor the square!  
In rugged note I lift my feeble song to thee,  
Whose purple tops rise in the vaulted blue.

You heave with energy that moves the loom;  
Unfurls the flag of commerce to the world,  
And cleaves with wooden wing the storm and  
cloud.

Your forests hold the keel of ships;  
The ties to bind the locomotive's way,  
And girders of the home.  
I love you not for these;  
But for your heights that bid me climb  
If I would see the beauties out beyond;  
And quiet dells inviting rest.

The sparkling brooks leap from your rifted  
sides;  
The Storm King drives his chariot o'er your  
peaks,

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And bends his lighting bow from hill to hill.  
'Tis at your foot the peaceful valleys lie;  
And 'twixt your slopes the laughing streams  
Go romping to the sea.  
Here sunset tints the west with red and gold;  
The whippoorwill bids welcome to the night,  
And gentle breezes lull to restful sleep.  
The robin's song and whistle of the quail  
Announce the new-born day, and bid us forth  
To mount again accustomed rungs of life.

And I have dwelt with you  
Till Time has touched my brow,  
As sun and storm have touched your crests,  
And left his mark.  
But when the weight of days can not be borne,  
And I have laid me down to dreamless sleep,  
May I awake to find again, as now,  
A home among the Hills!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Ole Brer Groun' Hog

(There seems to be a belief prevalent among many of the people of my native State that the marmot, or ground-hog, comes from its hibernation on the 2nd day of February, and that if it sees its shadow it immediately returns to its place of hibernation and remains there for a further period of six weeks; but if the sky is overcast and it does not see its shadow, then the indication is that the cold weather has passed, and it does not return to its hibernation).

**Y**OU MAY talk about Brer 'Possum, Brer  
Tarrypin, Brer Fox;  
About the Tu'key Buzzard, how Brer Rabbit  
smote the rock;  
How Sis Cow shook down the 'simmons, how  
Brer B'ar the honey got;  
But I 'low Ole Brer Groun' Hog has beat 'em  
all a lot.

For when he sets back on his peg and casts his  
weather eye,  
About, as if he's lookin' for symptoms in the  
sky,

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

You'd better take your b'arin's, and hold the  
rudder tight  
When Brer Groun' Hog sees his shadder, if you  
want to head in right.

I thought about a month ago I'd watch it; and,  
by jings,  
We've had four weeks of cold and snow, along  
with other things;  
We'll have some more of it yit — about two  
weeks — and then  
You'll see Brer Jay a-sportin' with Sis Robin  
in the glen.

Ole Brer B'ar and Brer Fox were all right in  
their day —  
A pity 'tis them good ole times has long since  
passed away —  
But Brer Groun' Hog still holds trumps, and  
beats the Weather Man  
A-playin' of prognostics, — by peekin' in his  
han'.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Thought

(To our modern evangelists)

**Y**E Counsellors of Hope,  
What seek ye in the harvest of the Lord?  
To bear my soul to God on wings of love,  
Or scourge me with the lash of fear  
To kneel and worship at a tyrant's feet  
A cow'ring wretch?  
Shall I be drawn by cords of fear,  
Or bands of love?  
Is it not written: God is love?

Why point me to the deathbed of a friend  
Whose anguish gave me pain,  
Yet could not blot away a single sin?  
Were it not better that I walk with Christ  
Beside the Galilean sea,  
Or listen to His words upon the mount;  
Kneel with Him in Gethsemane,  
Or cast my eyes to Golgotha?

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Hath He not said :  
The truth shall make you free ?  
Then tell us simple gospel truths, —  
The story of the Savior and the cross ! —  
Preach but the Word ;  
The Word that in beginning was with God ;  
Was very God made flesh, and dwelt with men.

And tell us not of Self ;  
What Self hath done ;  
Of sorrow, nor the sinful acts of men ;  
But tell us of His love ;  
The love that hath not bounds,  
And even loved while yet we were in sin ;—  
That Love that reared the cross  
And bade the sinner Look and Live !

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Combined

**O**NCE fervid A, and faithful B, and pious  
C, combined  
To save from Satan's slimy grasp; and set about  
to find  
The most effective manner. The first to speak  
was A;  
And to put them under water is, to him, the  
only way;  
But faithful B thought sprinkling is much the  
better plan  
For buckling on the armor; so trouble soon be-  
gan.  
They argued from all angles, with little of suc-  
cess,  
The while it seemed some devil was stirring up  
the mess.  
Good pious C, disliking their too aquatic bout,  
Cried, "Hold! — If he should get them we'll  
pray the rascals out!"

Conclusion:—Better a strict adherence to  
Faith, Hope and Charity than to lend our-  
selves to any Ism; and if learned divines  
differ, how can we expect common mortals to  
be of one mind?



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### From a Conversation with an Aged Visitor

WHEN first I was here, a single house  
And a native forest broke to view;  
The winding river was bright and clear,  
And we crossed it in an old canoe.  
Beside this craft did our noble horse  
Swim safe along. Not a boatman's oar  
As then had dipped the crystal stream  
Where now your city marks the shore.

But that was three score years ago,  
When adventure urged us, — in our prime; —  
And then, as now, what the future held  
Was hid away in the chest of time.  
We were hunting a home, my husband and I,  
Where budding hopes would open to bloom;  
But the woof we weave in the warp of life  
Is never woven in fancy's loom.

We judge of the future, 'tis said, by the past;  
What wonderful things are then in store  
For those who will seek them, remembering  
this:



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

That brightest pearls are not found ashore.  
And what of the three score years to come?  
With the marks of a century creasing your  
    brow,  
Perhaps you will tell of the strange, strange  
    past  
As I'm telling you of the strange past now.

Yes, what of the three score years to come? —  
Your city's a struggling infant still,  
But her pulse is strong and her courage good,  
And ere then she may reach from hill to hill;  
For they tell me now, soon an arch of steel  
Will span the river — a bridge in lieu  
Of the mode of crossing long, long ago  
When we swam the horse by the old canoe.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### The Dying Year

**H**ARK! 'Tis the moan of the dying Year,  
And it dies as the Years we've known  
before;

For each some tinge of its sadness left  
As it joined the throng in the Nevermore.

There is much undone we had thought to do  
When the Year was young and our hearts were  
glad;

There are words unsaid we had thought to say  
To comfort others whose hearts were sad. —

But bury them gently, the Years, as they die,  
And let not their shadows the future o'ercast;  
If the wind we have sown, we the whirlwind  
shall reap,  
And 'tis useless to grieve over seed-time that's  
passed.

Our life is a field where we reap as we sow;  
And that figs are not of the thistles grown,  
Is as true as it was when taught on the mount  
By the Nazarene in the days long flown.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Political

WHEN hope is builded only on despair,  
And yawnings of destruction round  
them glare,

'Tis then that error marks the tortuous way  
That leads to ruin those who follow may;  
'Tis then ambition, wounded, seeks to rise  
And triumph even by the force of lies.

And such as these unto our city came,  
Filled with the lust of office. Tame  
Were their arguments as house-fly's buzz;  
And from the wings of oratory fuzz  
Alone did fall. "Free Silver!"—Mighty theme—  
"Lost cause," they said, "and passing of a  
dream."

If such be true, why resurrect the dead  
To fright the people with its ghostly tread?

Yet further back in ghoulish glee they go  
To steal from Hamilton his theory; woe  
To Lincoln and the freedman's cause  
When such as these would by tyrannic laws  
Make millions slaves, and trample in the dust  
That grand old sheet that says the always just

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Powers of government from the governed arise  
By their consent! This crossed the skies  
Of revolution; is a light kindled by love;  
A searcher of the despot's throne; a carrier  
dove

To those who dwell in darkness, and a *Right*  
That never will submit to *Might*!

They told us then of kindly trusts, so good  
They no one harm; and that we should  
Obedience pay to them. In fact, they had  
A kind word for them all, 'sif none were bad.  
They told us of prosperity; how grand  
It blesses all the country; how the land  
Has yielded noble harvests; nor did fail  
To freely speak about the "dinner pail,"—  
As if a birthright were with pottage bought,  
And belly were superior to thought.

But did they tell us how the trusts have shared  
Their profits with the laborer? How fared  
He when he asks for more of what his toil has  
earned?

Nay, verily! Momentous though it be, 'twas  
spurned

As 'neath the dignity of such as they. Indeed,  
There's lack of logic in their windy creed.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Whoop!

**H**IRAM drank some “boot-leg” booze  
And pretty soon he swore  
He’d lick the town policeman;  
But—it’s Hiram’s head that’s sore!

Conclusion:—If you go in search of trouble,  
you are apt to find it.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Christmas in Florida

**W**HAT! Christmas-tide and no snow and  
ice  
For Santa Claus and his reindeer nice  
Over which to haul our girls and boys  
Their dolls and carts, their candies and toys?

Then, what shall we do? — Oh, maybe he's  
bought  
An automobile. — If he hasn't he ought;  
Then sand would do as well as the snow;  
For he'll want some fruits for others, you know,  
And could fill his car as he's passing through  
With as fine a lot as ever grew: —  
Oranges, guavas, bananas and pines;  
Grapes from bushes instead of vines; —  
May be some sunshine, a rose or two  
He'll want for some one that's feeling blue,  
Shut in by a climate less friendly than ours  
Where smiles not the sunshine and blossom not  
flowers.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Oh, I'm sure he'll come; for we've many good  
things

We'll give in return for any he brings! —

Then here is to you, gay girl and glad boy:

A bountiful Christmas, with stockings of joy!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### But This to Ask

**M**Y SON, I have but this to ask :  
No matter what may be thy task  
Stand thou four-square to self and God,  
Though unapproved by public nod.

Apologize for naught that's right,  
But gird thyself to ever fight  
That foe whose mercenary thong  
Would bind these to an action wrong.

To err, if honest, is not crime ;  
But neither now nor future time  
Will justify convictions sold  
For policy or tempting gold.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Entertaining a New-Comer on the Coast of Florida

THE AIR is delightful, the sunshine is  
bright,  
And fish in the bay are wanting to bite.  
Then let us be off so we may begin  
To cast our hooks as the tide comes in.

Now here is a can for the fiddlers ; and, say,  
A mullet, you'll find, is excellent prey  
For red-fish and trout ; but, bless you, my boy,  
If mack'rel you'd catch, then a minnow employ.

The yellow-tails, shiners, black-fish and crab,  
My experience is, will just anything grab.  
And oysters — oysters — yes, by jove,  
Are best on the half-shell,—I don't like cove.

Well, here is the dock ; we'll find us a seat  
And see if the fish are wanting to eat. —  
A bite, did you say, or just nibbling some ?  
Perhaps it's a sheep's-head, or't may be a drum ;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

If so, a quick jerk, then a firm, steady hand  
Will nine times in ten bring it safely to land.—  
Did it fin you?—Why, yes!—Be careful, I pray;  
You'll find that a sheep's-head is handy that  
way. —

And my!—what is that? Ah, only a flounder!  
I thought 'twas a red-fish — perhaps a ten  
pounder. —

And what have you now?—a crab, I declare!  
(After ten minutes' wait) — There's another —  
a pair.

(Still later)—I'm tired and the tide's running  
out,  
And hungry enough to eat bacon and kraut —  
I'm sorry our catch isn't better;— but say, —  
We can't always have things exactly our way.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Lines Written in a Local Option Campaign

**T**O THE fray, men! Onward! Press on!  
Take courage and hasten away;  
For there's need for the strong in this fight  
against wrong  
That good people are waging today.

I hear from the hovel the wail  
Of a mother oppressed and heart sore,  
Who longs for relief from the burden of grief  
That the drink curse has placed at her door.

Be up and about! They're alert,  
Who heed not the child's plaintive cries;  
Who note not the tears that have welled up  
for years  
From the depths of a loving wife's eyes.

Press on! To the front! We need men!  
Strong men, bold hearted and true,  
With a sense of the right, to join in the fight,  
For there's fighting, hard fighting to do!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

In each age has some one been found  
Who his Savior would sell for a price,  
And, perhaps, in the fray there is some one  
today  
Who will yield to the shekels of vice.

But courage! Onward! Press on!  
“I’ll forsake not, nor leave thee alone,”  
Is the message we hear, with the listening ear,  
From the lips of the Infinite One.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### But Turning Find It Not

**B**ELOVED hills! In vernal grandeur clad,  
With here and there a fallowed field  
And humble cot in which some yeoman dwells,  
How dear to memory!  
And how a part of life are ye!

'Twas here my eyes beheld the dawn of youth,  
And here the cup of joy has touched my lips;  
The tread of care has lingered in the way,  
And sorrow cast its mantle over hopes.

But this the season is  
That takes me back to you and youth again.  
In memory I scale your slopes,  
With eager eyes look to some distant hill  
And long to pluck the downy service bloom,  
The redbud's flaming boughs  
And dogwood's treasured snows.

I hear the call of birds in leafy glen,  
And see the nimble squirrel dart away  
To safe retreat;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Hear drumming pheasant calling to his mate;  
The tinkle of the bell on sunny slope,  
And whispers of the spring time ev'rywhere.

I hear a kindly voice that once I knew,  
But turning find it not!  
The day slips by, and ev'ning steals apace;  
Youth's dream departs; again I am a man!

But let my trust in manhood, as in youth,  
Be not in self.  
Be it in Him who reared the hills;  
Who dips His brush, with unseen hand,  
Into the pigments of ethereal space,  
And paints upon the canvas of the west,  
Beyond the hills, a glimpse of heaven  
In pageantry of light and shade  
The hand of man hath not attained;  
Who gems the upper deep with isles of light;  
Enwraps me in the drapery of sleep;  
With loving care protects me through the night,  
And marshals on the eastern slopes  
The heraldry of morn that bids me forth  
To bear again the burdens of the day.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Lines on the Death of a Friend

**H**IS was a life for each one to admire  
Who hails simplicity and fellow-love;  
One our young manhood to inspire  
To shun the beaten paths, and look above.

His was a life whose kindly bark,  
Though tossed by bitter winds at sea,  
Bore comfort to the shipwrecked mate,  
And pointed to a friendly lee.

I knew him in our early days  
When folly beckoned, and the call  
He yielded only to repent —  
Hardly a yielding after all. —

He never stained the swordman's blade  
With gore of a trusting friend;  
He knew not where dislike begins,  
Nor friendship has its end.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

I knew him when ambition spread  
Allurements before his gaze;  
He forward moved with steady tread,  
Nor spurned the harder, sterner ways.

I saw him mingle with the crowd  
And make their joy, their sorrow, his;  
He lived not in the mold'ring *Was*,  
But in the throbbing *Is*.

I saw him with uplifted hands  
To God, when life was ebbing low;  
With resignation born of faith,  
I watched his spirit thither go.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Vanity

WHEN Morning comes in all her panoply  
of youth,  
We're glad to see her come;  
But when the fulsome Day has robbed her of  
her hues  
And trembling dews are falling from the leaf  
and blade,  
We're sorry she must go, and wish she'd  
linger on;  
For what the older Day may bring we do not  
know;  
Nor is it meet that we should know,  
Since Time to Time unfolds sufficient for the  
Hour.

And so with Beauty.  
Though she be a queen enrobed in subtlest garb  
And jeweled as the Morn,  
She claims attention only for the Hour;  
For when the hand of Care  
Has traced its markings through her cheeks,

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And Sorrow dims the sparkle of her eye,  
Our admiration wanes; and we are forced to  
say,  
As it was said of old, Vanity of vanities;  
All is vanity!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Admonitory

**M**Y SON, if in thy song is sadness, sing  
it not;  
Each mountain hath its echo, and each grot  
Some slumbering sadness of its own doth keep;  
Let not thy words arouse it from its sleep.  
Turn not thy key unto the crypt of years,  
Nor tell us of the rankling of thy fears;  
Enough to know the past its sorrow holds,  
Enough to know what time to time unfolds.

But if thy song be gladness, let it fill  
The valley with its music; let the hill  
Echo and re-echo back its joyous notes  
Until responsive wells from other throats  
Gladness alike to thine. As leafy trees  
Nod to the summer's gently rustling breeze,  
So do our hearts respond to joy's strain,  
E'en though they bear some blighting sorrow's  
stain.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### An Appeal

**O** H TIME, bring back my youthful joys,  
And wrap me in their charms once more!  
And flow thee back, oh Stream of Life,  
To Childhood's far receding shore!  
Place me again where Fancy fair  
May press me to her heaving breast,  
And lull me with her mystic charms  
And crooning voice to peaceful rest!  
Place me, forgetful of my cares,  
Upon the pedestal of Youth,  
Where Life is stripped of all disguise  
And anchors at the Port of Truth!  
Place me again where mother's songs  
May steal upon my list'ning ears,  
And mother's hands with mother-love  
May wipe away the blinding tears!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Fragment

THE bravest captain of life's clan  
Is but a feeble, cow'ring man!  
Upheld by God and not by chance  
We breast the waves of circumstance;  
Nor need we fear if His but be  
The hand that guides our bark at sea.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### On Hearing a New Tune To An Old Familiar Song

WE ARE peculiar people,  
All of us;  
We are sometimes fond of music,  
Sometimes fuss;  
And a frown seems sometimes better  
Than a smile;  
And we'd rather walk than ride — for  
Half a mile!  
And our heads feel sometimes bigger  
Than a barn,  
And we spurn the very thoughts of  
Funny yarn;  
While at other times we laugh with  
Merry zest,  
And think whatever is, is  
For the best.  
And again, what once we loved seems  
Out of date,  
And we feel that we're among the  
Quite sedate

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

That should make some wondrous changes  
In the plan  
That has heretofore pleased 'most  
Ev'ry man.  
Why, we've changed the dear old songs,  
Don't you see?  
Soon we'll sing the song "My Country,  
'Tis of Thee"  
To the tune of "Yankee Doodle," —  
And I fear  
That we'll change the date of Christmas  
Half a year!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### We're Children All

WHAT, frowning? Now bring me a smile  
instead,  
While I tell you a story about little Ned  
And his wonderful cart. If he pushed it slow  
You could scarcely hear it; but off 'twould go  
If he pushed it hard; and, my, the fuss  
Would make you think 'twas an omnibus! —  
But wait; there's a smile a-dimpling your chin,  
And I haven't told half—Ah, here comes a grin  
That will soon be a laugh as big as my boy! —  
Thus a story half told changed a frown into joy.

And as kindness dispels the frown of a child,  
By kindness so are we, too, beguiled;  
For we're children all, and like to hear  
From kindly lips the words of cheer;  
And half of our burdens seem borne away  
By the sunshine in others.—The flowers of May  
Bloom not in December, and hearts weighted  
down  
Are never made light by harsh words and a  
frown.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### To the Poet Scout

**D**EAR Captain Jack, with sunny heart  
And thoughts above earth's sordid gain:  
How few the hands that here we clasp  
And wish that we might clasp again,  
And watch once more the gentle glow  
That marks the tranquil under-flow  
Where sweeps a mighty stream of life  
Embittered by no rankling strife.

We find in you a treasure land  
Whose castles are of purest gold,  
With spires pointing heavenward  
That bid the timid to be bold.  
We look across the gulf of years  
And mark your longings, hopes and fears;  
And hear you with a spirit true  
Sing praises of the "Gray" and "Blue."

You, like the mountains you portray,  
Or like the canyon deep and wide,  
Mark "Where the Hand of God is Seen,"  
And where His greatness doth abide.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

You show that Honor, Truth and Right  
Combine to make Resistless Might;—  
That sorrows, oft, and bitter tears  
Make halos for the after years.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Then Give Me Faith

SINCE faith begetteth hope,  
Be mine the faith to stand  
Amid the flying shafts of doubt,  
And unafraid accept the grace of Him  
Whose Son was lifted up  
That all who look may live.  
Be mine the steadfast hope  
That anchors in the vale  
Where shadows do not creep.

Who sails on speculative seas  
Without the chart of faith  
Will shipwreck on the reefs of doubt;  
But faith the tempest stills,  
And hope a light-house stands  
Where billows break.

As morning sun dispels the gathered mist,  
Let hope dispel my fears;  
As mounts the joyous lark in winged song,  
On wings of faith let me mount unto God  
In joyful praise.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Faith knows no bounds.  
By faith we walk with God amid the gloom ;  
Behold His face in ev'ry passing cloud,  
Each mountain peak, and canyon's depth ;  
His voice hear in murmuring brook,  
The song of bird, and thunder's crash ;  
Press the cold forms we loved unto our hearts,  
And live with them again beyond the grave.

Then give me faith, and take your theories  
hence ;  
The simple faith our fathers knew of old ;  
Supernal faith ;  
Faith that has stood the wrecks of time,  
And shall sustain amid the crash of worlds.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### In the Presence of Death

I was asked by a dying sister, "Does every one when dying suffer as I am suffering?"

The following lines contain my answer:

I 'VE WATCHED the fading spark of life go  
out  
Of those who fanned my life into a flame;  
Of those who in my childhood played with me;  
Of those my very own I dandled on my knee,  
And Death in all his blighting aspects is the  
same.  
The aged cower 'neath his heavy yoke;  
Young manhood writhes beneath his stinging  
stroke,  
And infancy recoils with agony no tongue has  
ever spoke.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### But So It Is

HOW OFT we hear with heavy heart  
The dip of that silent boatman's oar  
Who rows our friends across the stream, —  
The mystical stream of mystical shore, —  
And wonder, ah, why should the boatman come  
And beckon the young and strong away  
While the old and weak stand on the brink  
And seem to long for the close of day  
When their weary forms may sing to rest  
And they shall cross to the other side.  
But so it is; the strong must go  
While yet the weary here abide.  
But God knows best. His purpose runs  
Through all the mysteries unscanned.  
'Tis He who lights the torch of life,  
And sets the boundaries of man.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Still Trudging On

A FELLOW walked into my office one day  
And said in a kind of satanical way :  
“Folks do not believe, but yet it is true,  
That poverty makes me most damnably blue !  
And since first I beheld life’s bickering screen  
Not a moment of pleasure or peace have I  
seen !”

Perhaps what I said wouldn’t look well in print,  
But just to enlighten I’ll drop you a hint : —  
Instead of investing a dime in some rope  
He’s still trudging on over life’s sunny slope.

Conclusion : Better a merited rebuke than undeserved sympathy.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### To My Soul

**B**E PATIENT, Soul! Spurn not this house of  
clay  
That seeming hides thee from the light of day,  
But temper it unto thy Master's will,  
And let thy warmth its ev'ry chamber fill,  
Of this, thy dark abode; and let thy care  
Attend it in the silent hour of prayer.

Know thou, this earthly mold is legal heir  
To vales of hope with castles of despair,  
Where Sorrow in his might grim war doth wage  
Alike upon the peasant and the sage.  
Forsaking not, attend it in the strife,  
Thou better being of its inner life.

And when my hands would pluck some sin-  
bought prize  
Be thou a veil to hide it from mine eyes;  
Kindle upon the altar of my heart  
A flame of love that may become a part  
Of ev'ry act of mine, to make life's whole  
A dwelling place more meet for thee, my Soul.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

So, when the shadows from the twilight hill  
Fall o'er life's vale, and ev'nings gathering  
chill

Bespeaks the gloom of the approaching night,  
That thou mayst know within the morning  
bright

Thine eyes, my Soul, shall look on fairer day  
Than ever kissed the dews from flower of May.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Trite Truisms

**I**F OTHERS fancy troubles, they're theirs, so  
let them be;  
You can not keep a secret by telling two or  
three;  
You can not climb a mountain by looking up  
the slope;  
Nor can you feed one's hunger by giving, "Oh,  
I hope."  
You can not conquer truth by calling it a lie;  
You can not comfort sorrow by helping others  
cry;  
You can not read your Bible when it is on the  
shelf,  
Nor have respect of others without respect for  
self.  
You can not weigh another by making self the  
weight,  
Nor hope for love of others if you have learned  
to hate.  
But meet your ev'ry duty the very best you can,  
If pleasant or unpleasant. And then you are a  
Man!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Satisfied

SOME wish for wings to mount away  
Beyond the ken of mortal day,  
But when my Poll is by my side  
I cheerful am, and satisfied  
With life; though hopes of bygone years  
Have flown and left some bitter tears.

Yes, hopes will fade; but others rise  
That beckon onward to life's prize.  
They, too, may fade, and life grow chill,  
But I will hope, and, smiling still,  
Will say, My Poll is by my side;  
Though trials come, I'm satisfied.

We've jogged along for many years  
Life's rugged paths, and many fears  
Have risen in our minds, but they  
Passed out with dawn of hopeful day.  
With Poll, to comfort, by my side,  
And Hope to lead, I'm satisfied.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Ofttimes when I've been sad and weak  
Of heart, upon my furrowed cheek  
A kiss of love she would bestow,  
And say, "Why, Ben, what hurts you so?  
Discard your fears; in God confide,  
And then you will be satisfied."

Our failures oft successes prove,  
And, borne with patience, oft they move  
Our souls to nobler work, afar  
Hope ling'ring as a guiding star.  
With peace of mind, Poll by my side,  
I hopeful am and satisfied.

Pray, what is fame of man? And why  
Seek it in ocean, land and sky?  
Proud, kingly heads must bow to fate,  
And brightest homes grow desolate  
With coming years. Faith be our guide,  
And Poll and I are satisfied.

And when it pleases God that we  
Shall put on immortality  
And leave this sin-cursed vale of tears,  
My Poll and I will say to fears:  
Farewell! Fond Hope doth yet abide.  
God's will be done. We're satisfied.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Life and Death

(Being reflections on a funeral)

WHEN tressel-board no longer holds  
    designs,  
The gavel calls me not again to work,  
And, like some worthless garment worn and old,  
You pause awhile to lay this mortal by,  
Let not the lordly boast, nor haughty try  
To blaze another path whereby you may  
Evade the common destiny of man.  
For each of us has, like a reptile, crawled  
Through grimy ways; has scaled ambition's  
    juttred walls,  
And fancy's most illusive steps pursued, alike,  
In search of that which ever lies beyond —  
A flower here, a bramble there —  
A hope attained, a disappointment felt —  
    And this is life.

Waste not your means in putting me away —  
Will not the living need your substance  
    more? —

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

But let the rites be simple and composed.  
And when the bell my last departure tolls,  
And friendly clods have hidden me from sight,  
Turn not away with dripping eyes and heavy  
    heart;  
For 'tis the locust's rifted shell you've hid  
    away —  
An empty thing wherein dwells neither life nor  
    thought —  
But lift your eyes unto the trembling boughs of  
    faith,  
Attune your ears unto the whispering voice of  
    hope,  
And they shall bear to you the winged locust's  
    song. —  
Mysterious change — enigma yet unguessed —  
A migratory step from stage to stage —  
    And this is death.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Florida Sunset

I STOOD where the ocean meets the land  
And looked away to the gilded west;  
The Ocean murmured, "On, press on!"  
But the Sunset whispered, "Rest."

What beauty over the ocean spread!  
The sea-fowls winged their weary flight  
Away from the busy fields of day  
To the peaceful haunts of night.

My mind, reflecting on the past,  
Oft wanders back to that setting sun  
And the bars of crimson and gold that spread,  
Like a couch, when the day was done.

And on my heart has this truth been wrought:  
If along life's way we do our best,  
Our sunset will be tinged with gold,  
And a Voice will whisper, "Rest."

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Fishing

I WENT out fishing t'other day,  
As people here oft do;  
It wasn't 'cause I wanted fish,  
But 'cause I's rather blue,  
And hoped the sunshine and the tide  
Would help to put my cares aside. —

I looked out on the waters  
Where the rolling sea-hogs prey,  
And thought how like us mortals  
As we pass along the way!  
And as I moved along the dock  
And saw the poles go up and down,  
I thought how oft the budding hope  
Here blossoms to a frown.

The stolen bait, the broken hook,  
The fish "I almost landed," and  
"Just how it happened that I failed  
I do not understand,"  
Are 'mongst the things that make us feel  
We can't depend on hook and reel.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And I wandered there ; and pondered  
On the much that round me lay  
Where the pelicans seemed anchored  
Plumed schooners on the bay,  
Forgetful of the ebbing tide  
And worries of a fitful life.  
And thought : Why can not we abide  
Withdrawn a moment from the strife,  
And anchored let our beings be  
At rest upon that mightier sea  
Whose waters sweep an unknown shore  
That by and by we must explore,  
Each for himself, and in life's dark  
Discern a star to guide our bark  
Into the peaceful port of rest  
Beyond the sunset's crimson west ?

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### By Sniffing the Air

**A** HARE and a Skunk a dispute had begun  
As to which of the two could the other  
outrun.

“I can run twice as fast,” said the gay old  
Hare,

“And to prove it will run you a mile, if you  
dare!”

Said the Skunk, “It’s agreed. Now you hustle  
on,

And when you arrive I’ll have been there and  
gone!”

When the Hare started off the Skunk only  
grinned,

And remarked, “I’ll not run, but will travel by  
wind.”

So the Hare hastened on and arrived at the  
goal,

But no Skunk was in sight further parley to  
hold; —

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Yet 'twas easy to tell by sniffing the air  
That the sly old skunk had won from the Hare.

Conclusion: Bad reports, like bad odors, travel  
very rapidly, and are even more deceptive.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### To John Slick

(The writer had been assailed through a local newspaper in rather vigorous language by a gentleman hiding behind the name "John Slick," who was, supposedly, aided in his vitriolic attack by a maiden lady of mature years, because he differed from Mr. Slick and his lady accomplice regarding certain civic matters affecting the welfare of the town; and in which article he was sneeringly referred to as having devoted more of his time to the reading of Shakespeare and the Bible than he had ever devoted to political economy).

**J**OHN SLICK, you're rather mad, it seems.  
I hardly think it fair  
To paw the earth and champ the bit  
And ruffle up your hair  
Because your neighbor said some things  
You did not like to hear. —  
A "jack" is not the only thing  
That has a pendant ear;  
And you his counter-part, I think,  
Did find, in pastures green,  
To help you with your epithets. —  
A noble go-between!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

There is more in this logic :  
*Treat us right, you'll find us fair,*  
Than there is in all your rantings,  
And clawings of the air  
As if to catch some ideas  
Escaping from your brain  
That make a momentary stop,  
But in illogic train ;  
For they pass you in a circle  
And you catch them wrong end first,  
Which makes them look to others  
Like they ought to be reversed.

Our town may need defending,  
But defend it like a man ;  
Two wrongs will never make a right,  
As you should understand ;  
And billingsgate, my dear John Slick,  
In logic has no place,  
Though handled by “stale virgins”  
With a scowling “winter’s face.”  
Uriah Heaps are not the men  
To boost our town along ;  
And weakness in our champions  
Will never make us strong.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And, John, old Shakespeare will be read,  
The Bible have its place  
When you "turn the knob to Nowhere"  
With a pale and ghost-like face;  
When your babblings are forgotten,  
And the vulture's piercing eye  
Views the hoodlum and his consort  
In the coming by and by. —  
'Tis a cur that runs a-yelping  
When a stone strikes where he lies;  
But the faithful watch-dog lingers  
With new courage in his eyes.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Advertising

A MERCHANT sat on an empty box  
Whittling the time away,  
While the man who advertised his wares  
Was selling ev'ry day.

Conclusion: Better to spend a little of your  
money advertising than to wear out your  
knife whittling.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### To a Pansy

SWEET bit of ev'ning shade,  
Of golden sunset sky!  
What beauty here!  
In you are locked  
The sunshine and the shower,  
The stars of night and morning dew,  
The winter winds and zephyr of the spring.

Companion of today and comrade of the past,  
No fragrance from the years hast thou distilled;  
But, as the seasons come and go,  
With voice of verdant leaf and beauteous tint  
This truth thou dost proclaim:  
That though the winter winds may mow thee to  
the earth,  
And leave to view naught save the mould'ring  
leaf,  
Yet, in the fullness of its time,  
When breath of Spring shall blow upon the  
earth  
Will tender bud put forth, the emerald leaf,  
And witchery of flower.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And so,  
When winter of my life  
Leaves but the mould'ring clay,  
There then is hope  
That in the seasons of the soul,  
And fullness of the years,  
Breath of Eternal Spring  
Shall quicken into life the dormant clod,  
And I shall stand again, as thou today,  
The rehabilitated self I am,  
In all save sin.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### So May It Be

**D**IRECT my steps, O God! Take Thou my  
hand

And lead me, lest I should not understand  
The markings of Thy way and stray aside,  
Or refuge seek behind the fig leaf pride,  
Unmindful of the flaming sword sent out  
That compassed all of Eden round about;  
Unmindful of the chast'ning of Thy rod,  
Thou merciful, yet sin-avenging God.  
Yea, Father, gently lead me. Let Thy power  
Shield from the dangers that around may  
lower;

Give me to eat of Life the Living Bread,  
Nor seek to find the living 'mongst the dead;  
So, when approaching Death bids, "Follow  
me,"

My soul may take its flight on pinions free  
And, gazing on the darkness left behind,  
Surcease of sorrow and a refuge find;  
A refuge where the heart shall know no pain,  
Where separated friends shall meet again,

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Where all the pleasures here enjoyed are  
As fragments of a single pleasure there;  
Where, though this body crumble to decay,  
'Twill live again for an eternal day. —  
“He’s risen!” may my panting soul exclaim,  
When Death shall snuff away Life’s flick’ring  
flame.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Covered With Snow

THE MOUNTAINS out yonder are covered  
with snow,  
And the valleys are held in cold embrace;  
The winter tingles my fingers with pain,  
And the winds are biting my face.  
The fire indoors burns bright on the hearth,  
But I pity the mortals all shut in  
From the life giving air that stirs on the hills,  
Like a soul that is fettered with sin.

I long for a clime where the fiddler digs  
Its hole in the ground, or scampers away  
Lest it should adorn the point of a hook  
As tempter of fish that swim in the bay;  
For a sunny land of health-laden air  
Where spring-time lingers, and surge on surge  
Of the Ocean chants the song of Spring  
Instead of an Autumn dirge;  
Where the stately palm adorns the beach,  
And the sunbeams romp with the rippling tide;  
Where the winds sigh gently through the pines  
As if gladsome nymphs might there abide.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

There is such a land, and I've dwelt therein,  
Near the gates of Tampa; on the bay  
Where the Gulf Stream sweeps by Pass-a-  
Grille  
As warm as the sea at Mandalay.

But I'll stay me here where Duty bids  
Till such a time as the seasons bring  
To the mountains out yonder covered with snow  
The song of the bird and the warmth of Spring.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Little Things

A DIME was dropped in an outstretched  
hand:  
“It is not much,” the giver said;  
But a smile played o’er a wrinkled face:  
“It is life, sir; life; for I’m needing bread!”  
’Twas a little thing, at little cost —  
A charity done that was not lost.

A cry was heard from an ill-clad child  
As its bare feet trod the wintry street:  
“Here’s a suit for you,” a donor said,  
“It’s good and warm, and these shoes are  
neat.”  
A child was clothed and its bare feet shod —  
An act approved at the throne of God.

There sat by a well a Traveller tired:  
“Give me to drink,” He asked of one  
To whom He gave eternal life  
For the faith bespoke by the kindness done —  
A drink of water! Aye, little things  
May win the grace of the King of Kings.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

There is not a heart as deeply moved  
By all his pageantry of fame  
As is it by the little things  
That cluster round a hero's name. —  
'Tis the little things, when life is o'er  
That will star the crowns on the other shore.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A New-Year Thought

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.  
—Jeremiah 10, 23.

**B**EHOLD the passing of another year!  
And what have I for all its garnered days?  
A few more scars, a few more deep regrets,  
And nearer to the parting of the ways.

Wilt Thou who gave unto the seasons birth,  
Who planted hope within the breast of man,  
Extend Thy hand and lead us, Lord of Hosts,  
Along the paths we do not understand?

Let Thou the coming year be fraught with joy;  
Nor filled our hearts with longings, nor regret.  
Though sin-beguiled and scar-worn by the past,  
We ask Thy mercy and Thy guidance yet.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Yet a Man

SHOULD hopes bound high, while brightness  
fills the day,  
And suddenly comes darkness, blotting all  
away,  
If, smiling still, you do the best you can,  
You are a man!

Conclusion: He who meets adversity with a  
smiling face and determined heart, will not be  
vanquished.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### We May Not Understand

**I**N OTHERS oft we but behold  
The quartz, nor seek to find the gold;  
Each serves its purpose. Night and day  
Shall each chase each, like boys at play,  
Through cycles yet untold.

Let's weigh their faults as if our own,  
For brightest flowers are some times grown  
In thorny wilds; and gems of worth  
Oft taken from the depths of earth  
Midst worthless pebbles strown.

The dew that glitters on the flowers  
Are but the tears of midnight hours;  
And oft the very pangs of grief  
Bring to the heart a sad relief;  
Oft sunshine gilds the shower.

Concealed within the breast of man  
Is much no mortal eye may scan;  
Anchors a hope serenely sweet  
Where tide of earth and heaven meet,  
We may not understand.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Build Ye Upon the Book of Books

(Read before a class of elementary graduates)

**I**T SEEMS but yesterday  
I stood, like you, at threshold of my life  
With bounding pulse and bouyant hope,  
And looked into the years to come  
With eyes of youth.  
'Twas childhood's dream  
That painted landscapes fair  
Beyond the hills;  
And fires of youth  
Burned incense on the altar of my heart  
Whose fragrance clings in memory  
About today.

But Time has shorn my locks;  
My temples painted white,  
And ploughed his furrows in my cheek.  
Yet what I am today — little or much —  
Is builded on ambitions known in youth.

And this I'd have you know:  
Beyond your college days;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Beyond the vale of youth,  
Stand stern realities.  
The Mount of Hope rears high,  
And he who plants his foot upon its crest  
Must labor up its tortuous way  
Unhindered by a secret vice or hidden wrong.

Deal fairly with your fellow-man.  
Ask naught ye would not give.  
Wreck not another's hopes to build thereon;  
For he who builds on other's wrecks  
Builds not at all!

Bear whatsoever burdens life may bring,  
And bear them with a smile.  
Impatience leads us only to despair;  
But courage, fortified by truth,  
Will banish fear,  
And triumph over doubt.

In blazing out the pathway of your lives,  
Be careful of all far-fetched theories,  
Whose teachings are but pitfalls,  
Lead to naught,  
And nothing offer for the hopes destroyed.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Build ye upon the Book of Books,  
Whose teaching is a lamp unto your feet;  
A light unto your path;  
A solace in the hour of grief,  
And bulwark of your hopes  
When life is done.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Age

**H**O!  
Who enters here  
With pensive brow  
And locks of snow?

Age!  
Calm, without fear,  
To him I bow,  
Though fool or sage!

Hark!  
The ev'ning bells I hear,  
And thou art near,  
Oh Dark!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Grouch

SOME folks, it would seem, were born with a  
grouch ;

With eyebrows drawn down and lips all apouch  
They snarl at what is. Though fair as the May,  
Tomorrow, they think, will be a bad day.

Conclusion : A smile will not buy a dinner, but  
it makes mighty good seasoning.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### But This I've Learned

WERE Destiny but Time and Place  
I should not wish to shun the Race;  
But, were there not a Haven fair,  
Life's Ebbs and Flows I'd wish to share.

Be Nothingness whate'er it may,  
Give me the living, pulsing Day,  
Whose surging tide of ceaseless strife  
Swells on the restless Sea of Life  
In childhood's dawn, when youthful dreams  
Interpret Life just as it seems;  
Unmindful it is mine to be  
The captain of a bark at sea;  
Unmindful of the hopes and fears  
That rise and fall with fleeting years;  
Nor mindful of the storms that lower  
Beyond the confines of the hour.

But this I've learned, with flight of years,  
Through buried hopes and blinding tears:  
That darkest night must yield to day  
When in the dawn breaks far away



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Its gleam of light; that roughest tide  
May dash awhile, but must subside;  
That ne'er did storm break from on high  
But in the calm that followed nigh  
There was a hush, like angel's tread  
About the palace of the dead,  
To compensate for all our fears  
And wipe away the burning tears.

And sailors on this sea of life,  
Seek ye a Port! And in the strife  
Throw out a rope to such as be  
Adrift upon an angry sea;  
Write Charity upon your mast,  
And Faith upon the sails you cast.  
Look out beyond your vessel's roll,  
Where stands the Lighthouse of the Soul  
To mark the reefs; and lift your eyes  
Toward that land where peaceful lies  
The haven Rest; where, by His grace,  
You'll meet your Pilot face to face.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Thought at Dawn

**A**S BLUSHING Morn goes forth to meet her  
groom,  
Begemmed with dew, and fragrant with per-  
fume,  
When Dawn inscribes upon the scroll of Night,  
“Behold the Day awaits on mountain height;”  
Should we not so, in life’s inviting field,  
With bounding heart to noble impulse yield  
Our being, and go forth at Duty’s call  
With smiling face? For know that over all—  
The dark, the gray, the bright — there is a  
Power  
Who guides our foot-steps through each weary  
hour;  
Who, in His scope of mercy, will descry  
His bow of promise in the darkened sky;  
Who gilds with light Despair’s o’ertopping hill,  
And bids the raging Tempest, “Peace, be still!”

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### And So It Is

HAVE you not seen some drooping form  
From whom it seemed hope had departed;  
Whose pensive brow and furrowed cheek  
Portrayed him sad and broken hearted?

Mayhap Desire, which knows no bounds,  
Has pushed the door of Hope ajar,  
And Longing paints some vision bright  
Ambition yet discerns afar.

You can not tell from swelling buds  
The color of the unblown roses;  
Nor can you judge the inner man  
By what the outer man discloses.

Deception points a way to joy,  
We reach it but to find it sorrow;  
And pleasures that are ours today  
May bring to us a sad to-morrow.

And so it is. Bright flowers may pale  
While we some phantom are pursuing;  
And what at first did brightest seem  
At last may prove the soul's undoing.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Let Me Learn

**L**ET ME learn of the child its laughter,  
And learn of the bird its song;  
Let me learn of the lowly meekness;  
Amid the busy throng  
Let me lift from the burdened shoulder  
A part of the heavy load,  
And turn the feet of the wayward  
Aback to the better road.

Let me bear to the heart that's breaking  
Some message of relief,  
And pluck from the breast of sorrow  
A portion of its grief;  
Let me point the lad that's halting  
To the summit of the hill,  
And show him to attain it  
Needs but a firm "I will!"

Let me learn that burdens ever  
Seem lighter when they're borne  
Not for self, but for another;  
That to weep with those who mourn,

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And scatter in their pathway  
The sunshine of relief,  
Helps lift the gloom from sorrow  
And pluck the sting from grief.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### There's a Little Face

THERE'S a little face, when the morning  
    dawns,  
That smiling lifts its eyes to me  
From the land of dreams, like sunrise beams  
On a coral stranded sea.

And I think of the home — if a home it is —  
Where the child-dawn dares not break;  
Where the race that's run is an empty one,  
And folly is the stake:  
And I think of the child that's set adrift  
Alone in the busy strife,  
Where we hear not its cry while passing by  
In the rushing marts of life:  
And I think of the home where an angel rode  
On the sombre wings of night,  
And pierced the heart with his deathly dart  
Of a Rachel, in his flight.

Then I kiss my child and hasten out,  
And joining in the fray  
I pass along with the busy throng  
To the close of another day;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And homeward bend my steps again,  
Where the face that smiled at dawn  
Greets with its smile to cheer me while  
The ev'ning hastens on.

But the twilight falls, and a lullaby  
Has hushed her cares away;  
And a something creeps from out the deep  
With its longings for the day  
When morn shall spread its dew again  
And lift the gloom of night,  
And I pray the while that another smile  
Will bless the coming light;  
That the morrow's dawn no vintage hold  
Of the cares of yesterday,  
And that all along some soft, sweet song  
Will gladden in the way;  
That a gentle Hand will lead her o'er  
Each stony, rough and rugged place;  
That her sunset's gleam in the twilight stream  
Will reflect a smiling face.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Lines on the Fiftieth Anniversary of My Birth

**F**IFTY YEARS, with their cuffs and scars!  
Fifty Years, with their discords and jars!  
But I'll measure them not by their darker hours,  
Nor the thorns that kept me from plucking the  
flowers,  
Nor the hopes that in earlier life I have known,  
Nor the tares that I gather from fields I have  
sown.

There are still those I love, to gladden the way;  
There are memories sweet, to hallow the day:—  
I remember the songs of the birds that have  
flown;  
The fragrance of flowers that have faded and  
gone,  
And that beckoning sunset, with mystic key,  
Will open those birds and those flowers to me.



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### A Song of Thanksgiving

**D**ISPENSER of the Harvests grown,  
In humbleness of heart,  
We thank Thee for the portion that is ours.  
Yea, Lord, and for the wealth of blessings  
Known where Peace abides,  
And lingers not the strident note of War;  
For failures, — oft the gateways to success; —  
For trials overcome,  
And scars left by the conflicts won;  
For pleasures of the present hour,  
And health and strength commensurate with  
age;  
The Man of Galilee,  
Who trod the wine-press of Thy wrath alone;  
And Faith,  
That lights the gloom beyond the vale.

We thank Thee for the memories of Spring: —  
The shower and the sunny warmth  
That quickened into life the planted seed;  
The silv'ry brook  
That leaped from mountain side

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And laughed 'twixt verdant banks  
Through waking vales;  
The cackle of the barn-yard hen;  
The caw of crows,  
And twitter of the nesting bird;  
The hum of bees;  
The gambol of the calf, the colt, the lamb;  
The ruddy cheek of romping maid,  
And whistle of the bare-foot boy —  
For all, yea, all  
We thank Thee, blessed Lord!

And for the rain and Summer's sun  
Locked in the golden sheaf;  
The luscious fruit of vine and twig;  
The lazy herd that fattened on the sward;  
The play of lightning on the darkened sky;  
Companionship of friends  
That strolled with us along the hills;  
And hope,  
That springs in Sorrow's fallowed field —  
For these, yea, these,  
We thank Thee, and adore!

And for the haze  
That Indian Summer spreads upon the hills;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

The green, the purple, and the gold  
Of Autumn leaf;  
The ev'ning's ruby sun,  
And harvest-moon;  
The glit'ring stars  
That whisper from the depths of space  
Into the list'ning ear of Night;  
The blush of Morn;  
And frost,  
That quickens step of Age to pace of Youth;  
The fallen leaf,  
Whose mold, with breath of Spring,  
Shall tint and verdure give  
To blossom and to field, —  
A proof that Life of Death is born, —  
For these, Thy gifts,  
We thank Thee, Lord of Hosts!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

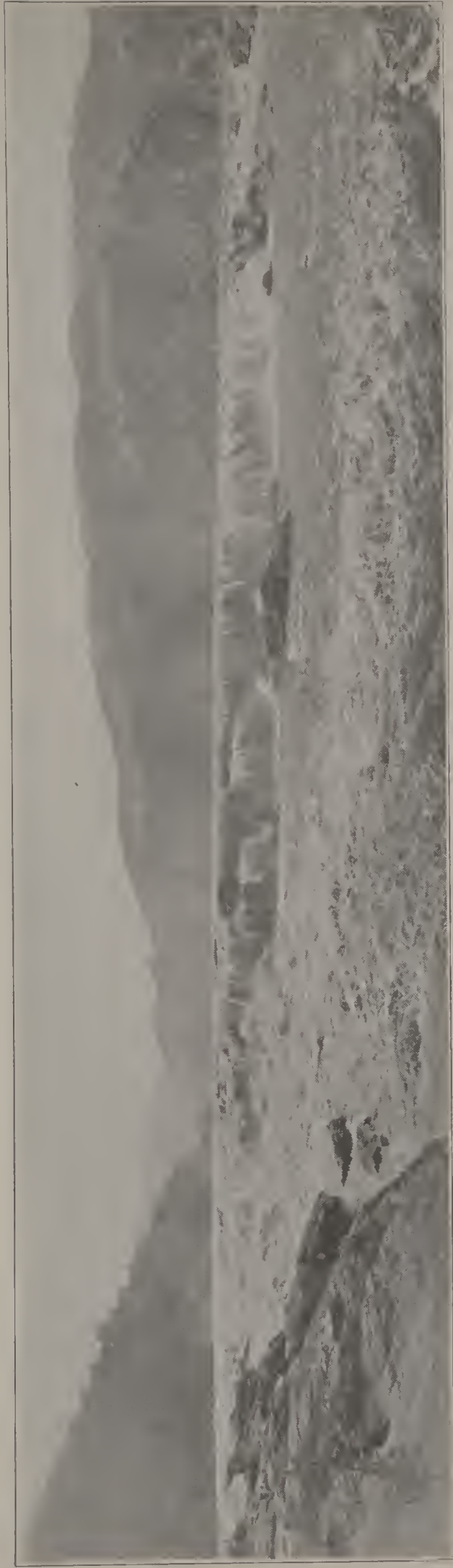
### Mondongachate

**M**ONDONGACHATE!\* River of the Hills!  
    *New River*; yet,  
Traced by the hand of Science  
In its backward reach,  
Geology proclaims Earth's *oldest Stream*,  
Save one  
Where, anchored with Archean rocks,  
The Thousand Islands moored lie,  
And go the ships out from Ontario  
To Gulf Saint Lawrence ports.

But, Empress of my native dale,  
Your course I dare not trace  
Through aeons gone;  
Nor paint you in your moods,  
Though oft your waves I've cleft  
With shallop's oar,

---

\* Mon-don-ga-cha-te. Aboriginal name of the New River, a beautiful mountain stream that has its source in North Carolina, flows through Virginia and West Virginia to Kanawha Falls, W. Va., below which point it is known as the Kanawha River, and from which point it is navigable. It empties into the Ohio River at historic Point Pleasant, W. Va.



Mondongachate (New River). Richmond Falls, 9 mi. north of Hinton, W. Va.

. . . . . "steal on the precipice  
And leap with joyous shouts  
To depths below."



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Or pensive sat where raging tide,  
Lashed into fury by torrential rain,  
Hurled back your angry hiss.

The Wherefore of Existence has its charm;  
But this I leave to them  
Who Mystery delve.  
Enough to know creative Wisdom is  
Of all her children justified.

I'll sing of you  
As an Adventurous Stream,  
Whose swaddling clothes  
Are North Carolina's moss and ferns.

What courage yours!

In upland bogs  
You gather into silv'ry brook  
That ripples through the fen and mead,  
And steals away among the hills.

Lost in their wilds,  
You leap from stone to stone  
With merry song.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

'Twixt rising slopes  
You sweep through Carroll's verdant fields,  
Where unleashed feuds have swept;  
Nor tarry in Pulaski's peaceful vales.

With daring of Virginia Cavalier, —  
A Jackson, Stuart, Washington, or Lee, —  
You smile at Alleghany's frowns,  
And, as with mighty dredge,  
You Peter's Mountains eastward toss  
In rugged piles;  
And peak on peak  
East River Mountains westward hurl.

You stop not in your march  
To revel in the vict'ry won;  
But, gathering recruits from glen and dell,  
You northward press, —  
A conqueror unafraid!

You bid the Mother State farewell  
With laugh and song;  
And West Virginia greet  
With soft refrain.

You glide o'er gentle shoals  
With murmur of the buzzing bee,



## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Or winds lost in the autumn boughs;  
You loiter in your eddies  
Silent as the hush of night;  
With merry laugh steal on the precipice  
And leap with joyous shout  
To depths below.

From loamy banks  
Where lifts the shaggy birch  
Its feathery boughs, —  
Fit temple for the Cardinal,  
Whose song is wild as is your flow, —  
And sycamore stands white sentinel  
O'er verdant vales,  
You seek the gorge  
'Twixt Fayette's frowning crags  
And stone-capped heights,  
Unheedful of their cavern depths  
Where Man incessant toils  
To eke from them his daily bread.

Unheedful of the treasures thence  
That loose the spindles of the loom,  
The locomotive's wheel, the forge,  
And ships that ply the distant seas;  
The oven's ruddy glow  
That lights your banks by night;

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Or narrow pass through which is borne  
The fruitage of your hills.

Unheedful of the thousand eager eyes  
That daily gaze on dizzy peaks  
And vistas of your glens;  
The overhanging ledge  
Adorned with hemlock, oak and spreading vine;  
The rhododendron's white and purple bloom  
That clings to precipice and cloistered dell, —  
Alike its friend; —  
Or Eagle, poised mid-air and pinion-tired,  
Above your cragged wilds.

Nor heedful of the golden stream of wealth  
Lost in your uncurbed flow,  
Whose wasted energy,  
Directed to the use of Man,  
Would rear the factory, the home,  
And set a-hum such hive of industry  
As Dreamer yet has dreamed not of!

But even mountain freedom has its bounds;  
And shoutings in the valleys oft are lost  
In echoes ere they mount to crests.

And such your destiny!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

Emerging from your rock-ribbed gorge  
You leap with single bound Kanawha Falls,  
And lie to slavery abased!  
Lost, lost your mountain pride!  
And lost your Name!  
Henceforth a burden-bearer, commerce laden,  
Outward to the Sea!

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### Tolerance

WHAT though our views may differ,  
Does it mean we are no longer friends,  
And, Calvin like, Servetus must be slain?

If I see beauty in the lightning's flash;  
Hear music in the thunder's sullen roar,  
Or vespers in the lowing of the kine,  
Does it detract  
From majesty of sunset sky,  
The linnet's song,  
Or chime of ev'ning bells?

The mountains differ in their reverence of God:  
Some lift their heads in vesture of celestial  
white;  
Some clad in verdure of the pine, or sturdy oak,  
And others stand in stone-capped ruggedness.  
He, in His wisdom, reared His mountain  
thrones,  
And condemnation passes on them none.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

And though I serve Him not as you Him serve,  
Nor revel in some creed of ancient mold, —  
Stand not among my fellows cedar-girt a  
    Lebanon, —  
Yet if the feeble light I hold but leads to Hope,  
And Faith, in the gray dawn beyond the vale,  
Discerns the gateway to Eternal Life,  
What differs the divergent way?

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

### My Love is Wayward Love

**M**Y LOVE is wayward love that none may  
know.

I love my terraced home among the hills  
Where winding turquoise rivers wildly flow.  
I love the shim'ring lake where white sails  
blow;  
And trackless main where ocean seahounds go.

I love the peaks where wailing storms have  
birth,  
And mounts the lightning on its fiery wings.  
I love the plains where sky bends down to  
earth;  
The song of sorrow, wit, or passing mirth;  
All things of value; those of little worth.

I love the frowning crags that lift on high,  
And quiet valleys slumb'ring at their base.  
I love the morning dawn, and sunset sky;  
The sultry noon, and shade when night draws  
nigh;  
The bright, the drab, and all that round may  
lie.

## MEMORIES AND OTHER POEMS

I love the barren slopes; earth's tufted sod  
Where flow the brooks and feed the fatted  
herds.

I love,—not for their sake,—sin's paths I've  
trod

That led but to despair. Frail mortal clod,  
'Tis thus alone you know the love of God.

I love the mellow Spring, the flowers of May,  
And songs of birds resounding in the glen.  
I love the Summer's breath of new-mown hay;  
The crimson, green, and gold of Autumn day;  
And sombre Winter with its clouds of gray.

I love Youth's flaxen hair; the gray of Age  
With knowledge that the passing years impart.  
I love the conflicts that in life we wage;  
And Death,—ah, if I love his pallid page,  
It is that I lie down with prince and sage  
To rise again.



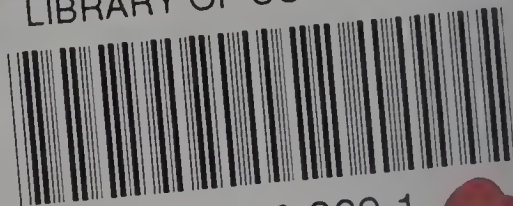






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